

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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No. 33.

Note and Comment

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's welcome to Alberta has been a characteristically hearty one. The demonstration in his honor in Edmonton was one that will not soon be forgotten and the greeting extended by the Capital city is being admirably seconded throughout the province. Time has dealt gently with the Premier and he looks good for many more years of public service yet. The newspapers have much less to say on the subject of his health than they had a decade ago. Advancing years serve to make him a more attractive public figure. They have added to the prestige of his name, which counts for much, they have developed fresh powers of oratorical appeal and they have broadened and mellowed his outlook on life. Neither in parliament nor out on the hustings, does he show evidence of bitterness towards opponents. He deals with public questions on their merits and wastes no time in vituperation at the expense of those who think differently from him. Accordingly he has been able to raise the whole tone of public discussion in the Dominion and the pity is that many of his followers show such little disposition to follow his methods in this respect.

The extent to which the Premier has expressed his concurrence with Western opinion, particularly on the tariff question, has aroused widespread comment, not only through Eastern Canada, but in the old land as well, where Canadian opinion on fiscal matters is eagerly canvassed because its bearing on the agitation for preferential trade that has been carried on there. The Saturday News has no doubt whatever that when Sir Wilfrid states that he is a low tariff man by conviction and is anxious to have Canada move in the direction of freer trade, he is saying what he means. That he welcomes the evidence that Western Canadians are in earnest in their demands along this line there is no doubt whatever and that he will use it to bring his government's policy more in line with the professions on which it came into power is also certain. But we do doubt very much the sincerity of some of the low-tariff speeches made by certain members of his party. At the session before last one of the principal subjects of discussion in the House of Commons was the proposal to take the duty off coal. Such a move would mean much to us here. But Mr. E. M. Macdonald, M.P., on that occasion delivered one of the most strongly protectionist pleas that has ever come from a Liberal member. We are hopeful that the present tour will result in getting the Liberal party more into line with its historic policy on fiscal matters. But in view of its record and in view of the well-known fact that many of its foremost supporters are as strong protectionists as there are in the country, it is not at all surprising that it should be said that the leader is merely playing with the Western farmers. Some definite action along these lines must follow the tour at an early date or it is bound to act as a boomerang to the party.

But whether it serves to strengthen the Liberal organization or not, the agitation must have a decidedly beneficial effect in keeping the low-tariff movement alive. It is already serving to bring those who influence public opinion to speak out much more plainly than they have been in the habit of doing for a good while back. The following article from the Toronto Globe is so much to the point that it is well worth quoting in full:

"Surprise is expressed in Britain," says the Globe, "at what is called 'the free-trade uprising in Western Canada.' There is no 'uprising.' What is being told to Sir Wilfrid Laurier these days in the grain-growing Provinces of the West is the normal expression of the deliberate convictions of intelligent and independent people. They are speaking their sober views on questions of vital interest. Those views have long been known to careful students and observers of the situation, and have frequently been expressed. They ought to have been known to the interested people in Britain. They have never been concealed either by the people of Western Canada or by the true exponents of Canadian opinion. They ought not at this date to cause surprise anywhere."

"To be sure, if the British people take seriously the partisan advocates of Protection from Canada or give heed to the political propagandists of a tariff policy in Britain they will get many surprises from the overseas dominions. They may be surprised by the growing evidence that the day of high protection is far down its decline in Canada and is distinctly

past the meridian even in the United States. If the Republican party does not speedily swing to a lower tariff platform the present insurgency will work party disruption. In Canada the Liberal party is not only committed to a lowering of the tariff by steady stages, but the responsible declarations of the Prime Minister during the past fortnight suggest radical

BADEN-POWELL'S PLANS FOR MAN-MAKING

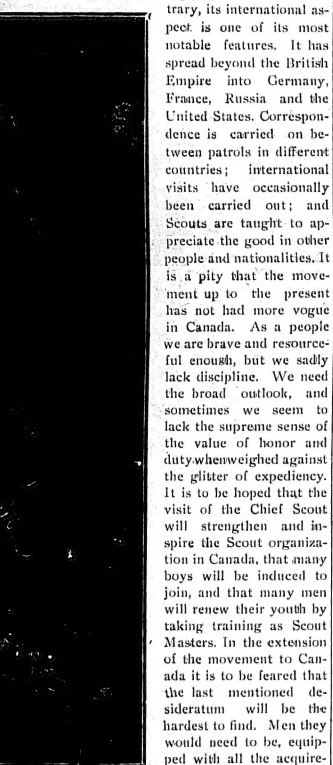
Canada is at present enjoying a visit from a man of real distinction, Lieutenant General Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, defender of Mafeking, whose name is now to the fore as the head of the boy scout movement which promises to accomplish so much for the development of vigor and real manliness and resourcefulness among the youth of the Empire. He is accompanied by sixteen of his British scouts, whom he left at Cochrane in the southern part of the province, this week while he went on to the coast. The encampment at Cochrane has led to renewed interest in the movement in Alberta, and on August 5th a meeting was held in Calgary at which Lieutenant Governor Bulyea in the chair, at which a provincial council was formed with the following provisional committee: Lieut.-Gov. Bulyea (chairman); Rev. Canon Hogg, Banff (secretary); Lt.-Col. Walker, Calgary; G. Hoadley, Okotoka; A. R. Gibson, Red Deer; J. F. Fowler, Wetaskiwin; Dr. J. S. Stewart, Lethbridge; Mr. Sansom, Medicine Hat; Archdeacon Gray, Edmonton.

A convention will be arranged for at an early date at which plans will be adopted for pushing forward the work of organization. What the movement signifies is explained by the following editorial article, which appears in the Montreal Witness. It is entitled "Man-Making" and reads:

"Canada will give a hearty welcome to General Baden Powell, who comes here with sixteen of his British Boy Scouts. Not only did he distinguish himself as a brave, kindly and resourceful soldier in South Africa, but he has followed up his work there by a much greater work, and one that is bound to spread and grow to an even greater scope of usefulness than it has already gained. The Boy Scout movement is founded on the happy combination of freedom and discipline that is the ideal for the training of useful citizens. With the military idea of duty and obedience it combines the development of individual thinking and resourcefulness. The boys are trained in everything that can tend to make them handy men and useful members of society. The natives in South Africa

in the interests of the public. No political party in Canada would dare go to the polls on a high-protection policy. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has given assurances that the Liberal party will move with steady but accelerating step in the direction of the declared Liberal policy of tariff for revenue only. Western Canada when it comes to itself politically

gave Baden Powell a name which signified 'the man who is prepared.' 'Be prepared' is the motto of the Scouts, and preparation for all the duties of life is the object of their training. Not only does this include physical training, but moral training. Baden Powell is a knightly man himself, and that his boys should 'Honor their conscience as their King' and should grow up a Christian men, brave, kindly, helpers of the weak, unselfish and truthful is his ideal. He is never tired of reiterating in his books and writings that the Scouts are to consider themselves as a new order of knighthood, and to render service in the spirit of true chivalry. No greater mistake could be made than to suppose that the Scout movement tends to develop young jingoes. On the contrary, its international aspect is one of its most notable features. It has spread beyond the British Empire into Germany, France, Russia and the United States. Correspondence is carried on between patrols in different countries; international visits have occasionally been carried out; and Scouts are taught to appreciate the good in other people and nationalities. It is a pity that the movement up to the present has not had more vogue in Canada. As a people we are brave and resourceful enough, but we sadly lack discipline. We need the broad outlook, and sometimes we seem to lack the supreme sense of the value of honor and duty when weighed against the glitter of expediency. It is to be hoped that the visit of the Chief Scout will strengthen and inspire the Scout organization in Canada, that many boys will be induced to join, and that many men will renew their youth by taking training as Scout Masters. In the extension of the movement to Canada it is to be feared that the last mentioned desideratum will be the hardest to find. Men they would need to be, equipped with all the acquirements and virtues which will make them models. It is in the nature of boy scouts to be loyal. The almost worship. Hence



The defender of Mafeking, who is now in Canada and sixteen of whose British boy scouts are encamped at Cochrane.

right leader they will the singular importance of his being what he should be.

will be an important, if not a dominant, factor in readjusting Canadian tariff matters.

"If the people of Britain keep clearly in view these plain facts they will neither be surprised by the anti-protection attitude of the Canadian West, nor be misled by the uninformed or prejudiced clamor of protection advocates in Britain."

A writer in Chambers' Journal, Robert L. Jefferson, F. R. G. S., takes up a subject, which, while it has often been discussed before, continues to present new elements of interest. He deals with the alleged Americanization of Canada and, coming from a British observer, his conclusions challenge attention.

The sense of material growth and the consciousness of her own future may be said to tend not to Canada's Americanization or to the dominance of British influences, but to a genuine feeling of Canadian nationality which is becoming more and more

manifest year by year. Mr. Jefferson, however, merely makes a beginning with this statement in accounting for the facts as he sees them in Canadian tendencies today. The accent of the man in the street, his peculiarities of speech, and even his slang, show the close association and influence of the American and the Canadian. In restaurants the British visitor will be confronted with American dishes with American names, and the hotels are conducted after the American rather than the British fashion. The newspaper press also he finds is conducted along American lines; the newspapers of the United States have an enormous sale in the Dominion and those of Great Britain are but in meagre demand, and that confined mostly to the British immigrant. Like so many others he is impressed with the enormous influence American magazines and periodicals have upon Canadian thought.

Still another factor which is obvious to every one is the rapid Americanizing of Canada's great West through the immigration of American farmers. As this British observer also points out, the principal manufacturing cities of the States—New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and Duluth—are within a few hours' journey by train of Canada, while "the American drummer is back-wards and forwards over the border as if no such barrier existed." The British writer sees in all this only a natural and inevitable development, and holds that this American influence "makes for the material prosperity of the country and for the greatness of its future"—and a conclusion in which Americans, and Canadians also, probably, for the most part agree with him. This influence, moreover, is bound to increase rather than diminish as the years pass, a fact which is a happy augury for both countries, as it shows a similarity of point of view and kinship of interest natural for two nations living for a century of unbroken peace side by side."

That the influence of the country to the south upon Canadian life is great no one will deny. But its growth is not a matter of today. One would think from the use of the term "Americanization" that from the use of the term "Americanization" of having such a neighbor alongside. As a matter of fact the process is not as active today as it was twenty or thirty years ago. A distinctively Canadian spirit has developed which was almost totally absent then. There was a time when if our neighbors had played their cards properly, Canada would soon have linked its destinies with the republic. Such a thing is now generally conceded to be impossible and is therefore not seriously discussed.

American immigration to Canada is having no effect in bringing about a desire for political union. Most of the people who come to us from the south become the best kind of Canadians, who appreciate life under our government for reasons which they can more clearly define than the native-born can do when asked what underlies his patriotism. It is the stability of our institutions and the opportunities which they give to intelligence and industry to carve out a successful career that makes the newcomer desire to maintain these and to assume his full share of responsibility as a citizen. The similarity in habits between Canada and the United States must remain. They must face largely the same problems and have many interests in common. In this way they must serve to promote the general cause of Anglo-Saxon friendliness, on which the future of humanity so largely depends. But so long as nationalism is a guiding principle of the world, they will, though approaching the relationship of brothers, each maintain its own household.

One must pity those who oppose every move which tends to bring about more amicable relations between Canada and the United States on the ground that it has the effect of weakening the imperial spirit in the Dominion. With the great growth which the country is undergoing these gentlemen, sincere though mistaken most of them are, are playing each year a much less conspicuous part in our affairs. But we occasionally hear from them. The other day one of their number gave a striking demonstration of his attitude. A movement has been on foot for some time to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the conclusion of the great war between Britain and the United States. The Army and Navy Veterans Association of Toronto were extended an invitation to participate. They agreed to accept it and Colonel W. Hamilton Merritt immediately asked to have his name removed from the roll of membership.

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Aug 5-19



EVOLUTION OF THE PICNIC

Old Style.

The straw is piled in lumbering cart.
Sleek oxen strain the yoke.
A merry party climbs aboard,
With laugh and quip and joke,
No well-filled basket is forgot,
With care each parcel stowed.
Crack goes the whip, the heavy cart
Crawls down the country road.

The feast is spread in tall oak's shade.
The fagot fires soon glow,
Where fragrant lilies dot the pond,
Fond swains fair maidens row,
Till sounds the welcome call to lunch,
On fairs substantial plain.
At dusk, the care-free, laughing crowd
Closes lumbering home again.

New Style

A whirr, a flash of gaudy car,
Gay oxen brightly veiled,
A disappearing crowd of dust,
By butler's swift truck trailed.
A pause on shaded river's brink,
Big hamper well supplied;
The clink of ice in slender glass,
French dishes on the side.

Fine napery, silver's sheen,
Smart epigram, keen pun,
A hand at bridge, plain whist or skat,
Safe shelter from the sun,
A lazy stroll through Druid grove,
Flirtation, naughty quips,
Sly yawns at Nature's swift return,
To welcome home and night!

—Ella A. Fanning in New York Press.

It is an unending paradox that in
Edmonton, City of Youth and suppo-
sed enthusiasm, on high hopes and
unique achievement in the face of al-
most insurmountable obstacles, that
you can't raise a single decent cheer
for a Prince or even the greatest Can-
adian of his time.

I have waited five years to hear a
cheer. Years punctuated with more
than a few unexciting events, but
never once in that time have I caught
so much as an echo of a "Hip, Hip
Hurrah" that sounded as if there was
any heart back of it.

And yet we talk largely of the high
spirits of youth and the boundless en-
thusiasm to be met with in this Last
Great West.

Monday night as I waited at the
station, one of a huge crowd, the com-
ing of the Premier of Canada, I said
to myself, "this time they will let
themselves go, for once we will show
that we know how to cheer a fellow-
countryman whom the great nations
have delighted to honor." And the
train puffed in, and the boys in red
gave an extra pull down to their jack-
ets, and drew themselves to a better
seat in their saddles. Borne on the
 breeze came, too, the strains of that
glorious anthem "O Canada," so ex-
quisite it might move a heart of stone
to an ardent patriotism, still no sound.
The great man must be retained,
though. But the next moment he was
amongst us, hat raised in response to
one sooty silence, and the crowd gaped
on—as if having eyes they saw not;
stupidly, vacantly, as though they
belonged to a race who has no connec-
tion with this man, who rode past
them; a courier, in the midst of a
stolid herd.

Oh, but I was ashamed!
What is the use, can you tell me, of
inanimate arches, blazoning "Wel-
come, welcome," when tongues that
can reach the heart maintain a stub-
born silence? Are we a race of
Wooden Men, lost to every appeal of
patriotism and chivalry? Are we be-
come of so mixed a breed, that the
Anglo-Saxon in us is too dead to make
itself heard, or is it that our "cheerers"
are out of commission, that the atti-
tude has affected our throats?

Let us advertise for a throat spec-
ialist at once, who will go over us
individually, and put us in order.
Let him start with the children in
the schools, and go on up to the Lib-
eral Association, the City Councillors,
the preachers who do such brave
shouting of a Sunday, and finish with
High Society, who somehow can al-
ways manage to find their voices at a
tea party. Then our next civic wel-
come may take on less the aspect of a
funeral, and Westerners and Edmon-
tonians will not be set down as a col-
lection of men without any red blood
in their veins.

Sir Wilfrid's visit has perhaps not
unilaterally aroused a fund of remi-
niscence. One remembers so many
occasions, so many funny incidents,
clustering around the coming of such
great men.

The time, as a child of eight, you

wouldn't go to hear Sir John Mac-
donald speak because you were such
a red-hot Grit. The rows you had
at home during elections, when your
Conservative aunts were staying in
the house, and feeling ran so high you
didn't "speak" at table. The argu-
ments you advanced as to why you
were a Grit and not a Dyed-In-the-
Wool Tory, which I believe consisted
in your dislike to following a man
with such an enormous nose as Sir
John. Silly, childish talk, perhaps,
but no more foolish than the excuses
manufactured today that set men of
the same persuasion at each other's
throats, for all the world like wild-
cats.

Politics, I am persuaded, is a highly-
interesting, but rotten game; a war of
men, not issues, in which all the poor
little pawns are ruthlessly slain to
make a Roman holiday for a few lone
knights and bishops. Whatever the
women are thinking about to want
to enter the lists I cannot conceive and
that a man like Laurier is content to
spend his life in the cause. Well,
there is one of the mysteries of the
age.

On Sunday last, when the church
bells were pealing an invitation to the
Lord's House, a step or two off the
main street an old man swung lifeless
from a tree, while up the road a bit
another lay with a bullet in his heart.
By such strange sidepaths does over-
wrought humanity seek an answer to
the eternal why of existence.

In the sweet hush of a Sabbath
morning, surrounded by one's near
and dear ones, with life at the full-
tide of success and attainment, such
tragic expedients to read the riddle,
strike one as insane and past belief,
but I wonder how many persons have
reached the age of even thirty with-
out having gazed down one of these
same strange side-ways, at times even
longingly. A few years ago the very
suggestion of suicide filled me with
amazement. Imagine being willing to
slip away from this beautiful earth,
from life, from one's friends, from
love, voluntarily.

I can remember so well how sweet
existence seemed, how inexpressibly I
loved the world at that time. What a
rubber-ball I was, bouncing up so
jauntily from the throws and slaps
that Fate dealt out to me.

But I was younger then, and the
Heart of Understanding beat very
feebly in my breast. Now I am older,
grown, and oh so wise, so wise,
that smiles and jests no longer take
me in. I see so many heavy hearts
beneath them. Lies and trickeries, too,
are lost on me, for I have come to
that age when I can look deep beneath
the surface.

And this I have discovered, that
while all the world's a stage there are
very few soubrette and comic parts
to go around. With one person it is
one thing, with another something
else, but life is a desperately serious
business for nearly every one of us.
Some few dance along and out of
life still carrying merry hearts, but
most of us take our crosses with us.

Who that considers the day-in-and-
day-out struggle for mere existence,
the loneliness and despair and sorrow
that come to the majority of people,
the irretrievable losses and disap-
pointments that assail one all along
the way, can fail to sympathize with

the man so hard pushed that he de-
cides to end it all.

I am not defending or advocating
suicide. I merely write to remark on
the high courage of the many who
face the thing out.

Stuck up bang against my kitchen
door is a stable, which this year has
provided us with such a fly orchestra,
that the hum and humming of them
is like the roaring of a furnace. Screen
doors are powerless to keep them out,
netting on the windows is futile
against them, for every time a door
is open they swarm in veritable bat-
allions. For this we pay \$50 a month.
The stable does not belong to us, we
get no use of it, we do, though, share
the attentions of the pests it breeds,
along with a goodly number of near-
by neighbors. Yet we are told that
nearly all the deaths in these summer
months are traceable directly to the
common every-day house-fly.

This is so, why is it permissible
for a man to maintain a stable on a
50x150-foot lot in the heart of the city,
when his doing so means endangering
the health of an entire neighborhood?

I think myself that what Edison
says is right, the day will come when
horses and cattle will be banished
from the town and city because they
are too unsanitary to be allowed in it.
Either that, or bylaws will be passed
making it impossible to maintain such
a nuisance within such and such a dis-
tance of a neighbors' premises. It is
an outrage that a man should be per-
mitted to erect a barn in such close
proximity to his neighbor's house as to
depreciate the value of all the sur-
rounding property.

Re-reading the foregoing brings
home to me what a miserable state of
mind I am in. Tomorrow the boy
will be home to make me young and
happy once more.

Just now the ice man passed
through the kitchen and I heard him
remark to my maid that the process-
ion this morning was "pretty good
for the likes of Edmonton."

"Last time, he says (Wilfrid) was
here," said he, "some of the people
took a dislike to him."

"For why," said she.

"Oh, well, said he, "you see a lot
of French people came in from Mor-
ville and St. Albert and he spoke in
English, and they couldn't understand
a word of his speech, and so they
didn't like him."

And yet foolish men crowd each
other to minister to this much-dis-
tressing public! It's the ice man and I
who know its not worth the effort!

When we were watching "Him,"
ride by last evening, a little girl began
to cry.

"Why are you crying?" her mother
asked. "Didn't you see Sir Wilfrid?"

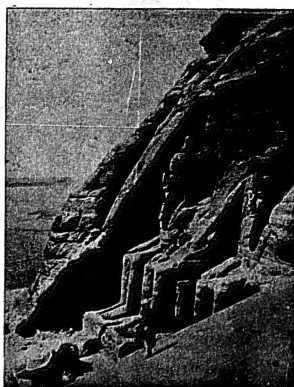
"Yes," sobbed the child, "but he
didn't see me and my new blue sash."

Now that the Premier has come
and gone, and the crops are almost
ready to cut; now that the exhibition
is nearly on us, and prosperity
begins to break into a smile, let us
have the Royal Commission's report
and settle down to business. One
grows tired of the beautiful state of
indifference in which one has been
living. Business droops, the public
are restless, let's have the thing one
way or the other.

I note that all the speakers of the
present week were at one on the nec-
essity of the opening up of the north
country. That is well. The through
water-route was also dwelt upon, on
that too we are agreed. At present
we totter on the verge of tremendous
possibilities. Let us take the leap
and realize some of them.

To the merchants and residents of
Edmonton generally, the past year

(Continued on Page 7.)



The Temple of Abu Simbel in Egypt. This view shows the court
before the entrance. The solid rock has been cut out with
bronze chisels. The colossi represent Rameses II.

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THE TRAINING OF A KING

A Remarkable Article on Edward VII. in 'the Quarterly Review.'

Seldom in history can there have appeared, shortly after the death of a Sovereign, so intimate and close an analysis of his character as the which is published today in the July issue of the Quarterly Review. The writer of the extraordinarily interesting article, entitled "The Character of King Edward VII.," has had the advantage of studying, by permission of His Majesty the King, many private papers in the royal archives of Windsor Castle, and he has added to them the letters from Sarah Lady Lytton, 1797-1870, which have been privately published. Clearly working with much intimate knowledge in addition to these sources of information, and being, as clearly, a wise, broad-minded, fearless and disinterested political confidant, we are in progress, that it is not too much to say that this writer has made a permanent contribution to history which every intelligent subject of the present dynasty should read.

King Edward was born at a critical period of our history. The country was far from prosperous, grave political conflicts were in progress, the great achievement of Queen Victoria's reign—the revival of the prestige of the Crown—was but just begun. Yet, as Lady Lytton, the Prince's first governess, shows, never was child more sedulously watched over by his parents.

Nothing—not the smallest thing—was left to chance. Not a week, not a day, not an hour of the time of this precious youth could safely or properly be wasted. Other lads might occasionally run loose in the spring time, and for other boys it might be legitimate to plunge into the region of romance. But for this boy, the pages even of Sir Walter Scott were closed, and he must concentrate, ever concentrate, upon "modern languages" upon "history," upon "the sciences."

Daily, almost hourly, the Queen and the Prince kept watch over those entrusted with the care of their son. Within the walls of Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle letters and notes constantly passed and have been carefully and elaborately preserved.

Queen Victoria's Memoranda

It is the extracts from these notes which give its chief interest to the first part of this article. We are thus presented, more fully and more confidentially than has ever been the case before, with the story of how a boy was prepared by able and devoted parents to become a great King. No detail was too small for the Prince's loving scrutiny. When the Prince was fifteen Queen Victoria writes to him about dress—for he had been forward to buy hats and ties and toilet accessories out of his own moderate allowance.

Dress (she writes) is a trifling matter which ought not to be raised, to too much importance in our own eyes. But it gives also the one outward sign from which people in general can and often do judge upon the internal state of mind and feeling of a person, for this they all see, whilst the other they cannot see. On that account it is of some importance, particularly in persons of high rank. I must now say that we do not wish to control your own taste and fancies, which, on the contrary, we wish you to indulge and develop, but we do expect that you will never wear anything extravagant or slang, not because we don't like it, but because it would prove a want of self-respect and be an offence against decency, leading—as it has often done before in others—to an indifference to what is morally wrong.

On his seventeenth birthday—an important occasion, for the Prince had been appointed a colonel in the army, and had received the Order of the Garter—a long memorandum is addressed to him by his parents. Every sentence is full of loving counsel, and is worth reading.

A new sphere of life will open for you, in which you will have to be taught what to do and what not to do, a subject requiring study more important than any in which you have hitherto been engaged. For it is a subject of study and the most difficult one of your life, how to become a good man and a thorough gentleman. To the servants and those below you, you will always be courteous and kind, remembering that by having engaged to serve you in return for certain money payments they have not surrendered their dignity which belongs to them as brother men and brother Christians. You will try to emancipate yourself as much as possible from the thousand of abject dependence for your daily wants of life on your servants. The more you can do for yourself and the less you need their help the greater will be your

independence and real comfort.

The Prince's "Set"

The same unvarying and detailed solicitude is shown in a confidential letter of instructions "for the guidance of the gentlemen appointed to attend on the Prince of Wales who by their example are to train him to be the 'first gentleman in the country.'" Here are some passages from it:

The Prince of Wales has arrived at that period in his life when the state of transition commences from the habits, the dependence, and the subjection to control of a boy to the manners and the conduct and ultimately to the self-reliance and responsibility of a man. The most critical, the most important, and the most difficult period of a lifetime; that which anxiety.

The usual and the most efficient means adopted for ensuring a happy result to this state of transition is to take the child out of his home and to place him in what is commonly called "a good set."

In attending, therefore, the gentlemen to attend upon the Prince of Wales, the royal parents have chosen them with great care, with a view to their supplying in some degree, this want, and becoming themselves the representatives, as it were, of that "good set," by association with whom the Prince of Wales may acquire such a tone, and learn such manners and conduct, as may make him socially what his parents wish, and what the country will expect.

On dress and manners this memorandum has much advice to give to these young men. "A gentleman does not indulge in careless, self-indulgent, lounging ways, such as lounging in armchairs, or on sofas, slouching in his gait. . . . In dress he will never give in to the loose and slang style which predominates at the present day. He will borrow nothing from the fashions of the groom or the gamekeeper."

A gentleman having gained the prestige in society of good dress and appearance, and courteous manners, must maintain the good opinion of his companions by showing intelligence in his conversation, and some knowledge of those studies and pursuits which adorn society and make it interesting. Mere games of cards and billiards, and idle gossiping talk, will never teach this, and to a Prince, who has usually to take the lead in conversation, the habit of finding something to say beyond mere questions as to health and remarks upon the weather is most desirable.

An Observer of Men

The development of the Prince's character was indeed not without its perplexities. His tutor, excuses a want of studious reflection in his pupil by saying "that he is learning almost unconsciously from objective teaching much which could never have been taught him subjectively"—to which the writer of the article wisely adds that it was just this "falling or quality" which enabled King Edward to successfully to manage public affairs.

"A great reader the King never was, but he was a great observer." King Edward himself in later years, looking over some old letters from one of his tutors, admitted the justice of the remark that during the critical years of youth there was in him "a want of enthusiasm and imagination, and the absence of torpor of the poetical element," and Sir Henry Bulwer, Ambassador at Constantinople, writing to the Queen of the Prince, comments: "I do not think he will study or learn much from books, but he will attain all that is practically necessary for him to know by observation and use it with address." And now, thus prepared, the test comes, the boy becomes man, the man becomes King, and the first historian of Edward VII. sums up the short brilliant reign:

So far from his previous life, with its pant of concentrated energy, with its so-called frivolities, and with what men always prejudiced and sometimes insincere, call its ceremonial inanities, proving an obstacle to kingship, the sheer humanity of it had left him unscathed of soul and most extraordinarily well equipped for dealing with the gravest problem with which a Sovereign has to deal, that is to say, the eternal problem of making good use of the average man.

a man in his own estimation which was the mainspring of the King's influence. His varied intercourse with men of all sorts and conditions, his preference for objective rather than for subjective teaching, as his old tutor said of him in boyhood, and his frank interest in the affairs of others, had taught him the most profound and the oftenest ignored of all plitudes, that the vast majority of men are good, and that no man is wholly evil.

Thus the writer passes to the conclusion of his analysis. He speaks of King Edward's charm—"when the King walked into a room everyone felt the glow of a personal greeting."—of King Edward's simplicity, interest in others, memory, conversational powers—"one of the best conversationalists in Europe," he calls him—and finally, summing up a full and brilliant life, in masterly phrase he counts King Edward, by virtue of character, strong, firm, brave in quality, as "beyond all question in the category of the great."

THE NEED FOR PURE MILK

The fight for pure milk legislation is a cause that should be encouraged by every Canadian father and mother. It is illogical indeed to advertise for immigrants and let our own children die. Canada Monthly (formerly Canada-West) points out in its August number the heavy infant mortality in large cities during the trying month, and quotes statistics to show that, as opposed to 108 births in Montreal during the week of July 11th, 154 children under five years of age died from the effects of impure milk. Canada Monthly urges everyone to appoint himself a deputy health inspector and see for himself that his milkman is obeying the laws.

"It is unnecessary to preach a sermon on the text of the one hundred and fifty-four dead babies in one city in one week, for it is firstly and secondly and lastly, my brethren, all by itself. One hundred and fifty-four little white funerals; one hundred and fifty-four mothers with no little bundles in their arms at night; one hundred and fifty-four Canadian babies dead in one city in seven days."

"It will be worse in August—August, the month of dog days and sick children—poor, hot, trying, little mixes, jiggered up and down in the arms of nerve-racked mothers, or lying, white-faced and passive, too weak to walk. This month all precautions regarding milk should be redoubled, and every receptacle connected with the baby's food cleansed and scalded, and when not in use kept full of boiled water and securely corked to prevent the collection of impurities. This month, above all, you should see that your milkman is handling your milk supply properly, and if he is not, keep on his trail until he fulfills every letter of the law."

"In the milk depot there is no point so small that you can afford to overlook it, remember. One unwashed pair of hands may start an epidemic; one tuberculous cow may be responsible for more white tombstones than a mad dog loose in the streets. You cannot afford to shrug your shoulders and suppose that the health officer takes care of all that sort of thing. The health officer is a busy man, this weather and it is up to you as a father or a mother, or the friend of fathers and mothers, to know positively for yourself that the law is being carried out. You don't know the law? Ah, but you should! Ask your milkman any and all of these questions, and you cannot go far wrong, for there is a law covering each one of them—a law that he is bound to obey."

"Has the health officer inspected your premises and approved of them, Mr. Milkman? Have you reported the farms from which you obtain milk? Is your milk wagon dust and fly-proof? Is your dairy building ever used for other purposes than handling milk? Has it proper sewer and water connections? Is it cement-floored and washed? Is it provided with proper apparatus for the sterilization of cans, bottles and other utensils used in the dairy, and do you sterilize them? Are your rooms crowded or is there space for the necessary operations to be performed? Is the milk delivered before it is eighteen hours old? Is the pasteurization properly managed? And finally, and most important of all, is everything about the dairy, the men employed and the utensils kept strictly and inviolately clean?"

"There are laws governing all of these points and others, laws with which every milkman is bound to comply. If you do not know the exact reading of the law, look it up, visit your dealer and appoint yourself a deputy health officer to keep him to his duty. Not one of these points is unimportant, not one is negligible. And it is for you to see that they are scrupulously adhered to."

"Many cities in Canada are waking up to the need of pure milk legislation, and certified milk depots are being operated in Toronto and elsewhere from which pure milk suited to the age and condition of all babies can be obtained. Let us hope that the day will soon come when such stations will be maintained by every Canadian city, and pure milk be within the easy reach of all. In the meantime, scald the baby's bottle, and watch your milkman like a hawk. If not—who knows how dearly you may have to pay?"

"I FEEL IT MY DUTY

To Give You a Statement In Regard To 'Fruit-a-lives'"

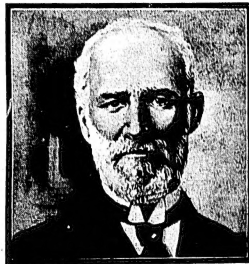
HARDWICK, MINNESOTA, N.B., Jan. 17th, 1910.

"I feel it my duty to give to you and the world an unsolicited statement in respect to the wonderful cure I received by taking 'Fruit-a-lives.' Chronic Constipation was the complaint I suffered with for years. My general health was miserable as a result of this disease, and I became depressed and alarmed. I was treated by physicians without the slightest permanent benefit, and I tried all kinds of pills and tablets but nothing did me any good."

I saw the strong testimonial in favor of 'Fruit-a-lives' by New Brunswick's 'Grand Old Man', the Hon. John Costigan, and I knew that anything the attested was honest and true and given only to help his fellow-men. I tried 'Fruit-a-lives' and the effects were most marvellous, and now I am entirely well from all my Chronic Constipation that I suffered from for so many years. My general health is once more excellent and I cannot say too much to express my thanks for the great benefits derived from taking 'Fruit-a-lives.'"

A. G. WILLISTON.

"Fruit-a-lives" is not gotten up by druggists or expert chemists—who know nothing about disease and the needs of the human body—but is the scientific discovery of a well known physician, and is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices. 50c. a box, 5 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.



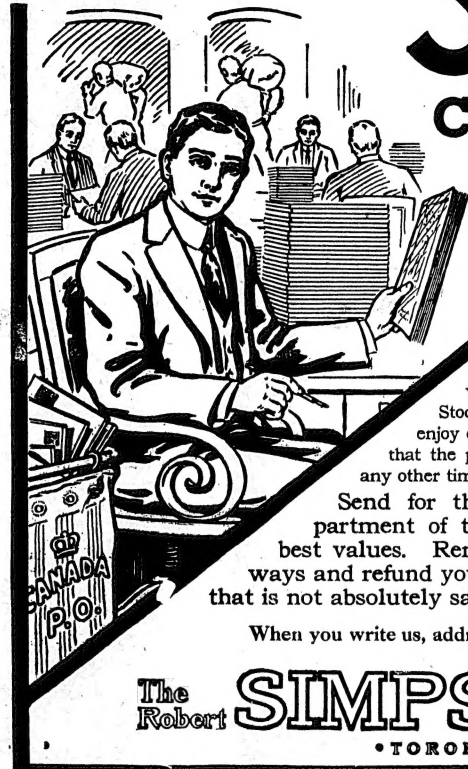
Canadian city, and pure milk be within the easy reach of all. In the meantime, scald the baby's bottle, and watch your milkman like a hawk. If not—who knows how dearly you may have to pay?"



"Sizing up the new King."

—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

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ANOTHER HUGE SWINDLE IN PARIS

The French Capital in the Throes of a New Sensation.

Paris is still—even though a trial that has lasted a month came to an end last week when the Tenth Correctional Chamber condemned M. Rochette to two years' imprisonment at a fine of \$600—in the throes of an "affair" that is quite to its taste—the arrest and conviction of a financier, financial complications of all kinds, and an opportunity to make political capital out of it all.

The names have been published of a number of prominent politicians who are said to have been associated with Rochette, the financier in question; and M. Clemenceau, the ex-President of the Council, has been accused of ordering his arrest as a political move. M. Clemenceau is at present in Buenos Ayres, but he has sent a cablegram declaring that he knows nothing of the "affaire" save what he learnt in the course of a conversation with M. Lepine, the Prefect of Police, and that his only instruction was that nothing should be allowed to interfere with the course of justice. And the Socialists are using the case as a weapon with which to attack their old enemy, M. Lepine.

From Waiter to Financier

If the information contained in the "Rochette dossier" drawn up by the Prefecture of Police is to be relied upon, Mr. Rochette is a financier of a remarkable type. One of the documents that it contains gives the following brief account of the last few years of his career:

In 1903 he was a waiter in a country cafe. He came to Paris with an inheritance of about \$10,000 and at once established himself as a banker, and engaged in undertakings of the most bewildering nature, with the result

that he has drawn between fifteen and twenty million dollars out of the pockets of the public.

"A certain inventor, of Marseilles, M. Gadot, took an invention to him, which he floated for 20,000 pounds; but the machine in question was never constructed, and Gadot never received a penny for it.

"Rochette was a director of the Credit Menier and of the Franco-Spanish Bank, and had convinced Gadot that all his undertakings were substantial and very profitable and so had secured his confidence.

"One of the most imposing flotations was that of the Nerva Mine, in Spain. This was formerly known as the Rio Terrido Mine, and it is so worthless that the Spanish government will not sanction the construction of a railway to it.

The Light That Failed

"The 'Bullson Hella,' another of his undertakings was a system for giving a wonderfully clear light by incandescent gas at a very small expense; for it, everything else that he has touched has turned out equally badly; and thus is at present 'in March, 1918 when the document in question was compiled' there are ten charges against him of obtaining money by fraud."

"He obtained a list of shareholders in the 'Petit Journal,' and posted his prospectuses to them; and a member of the Senate, M. Trevet, was the creator of the r. per. laid information against him on this account."

Blackmail Hinted At

Even then there were rumors of a coming "Roche scandal," and it is now more than two years since Rochette was arrested. The principal charge against him was that in connection with the Nerva Mine, though the "Bullson Hella" affair was not ignored. The complainant was a M. Rochette, but M. Rochette, in answer to the charges, declared that the documents supporting it were offered to him, through his lawyer, for \$16,000 by a M. Chapiro a few days before they were lodged with the authorities, and that this fact was known to the judge. "I was not," he declared, "by him—hinting, no doubt, at blackmail as a possible means of defence when the case reaches the Appeal Court, as it is sure to do—and, furthermore, that the references to the 'Bullson Hella' were added to the charge at the Prefecture of Police, and are the work of M. Durand, one of the high officials there; but M. Chapiro has come forward to deny absolutely the suggestions concerning him.

The whole "affaire" has been made a subject of investigations by a Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry, over which M. Jaures presides; and the most interesting witness who has yet been examined by the committee is M. Lepine himself.

How it was Done

In the statement that he made he said that Rochette's method was to float companies in groups. As soon as one got into difficulties, another was floated to support it, and was thrust upon the investing public by means of extraordinary advertisement.

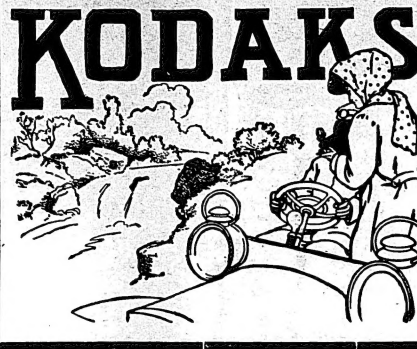
Seven companies thus floated in the course of three years, he said, had brought Rochette in more than \$15,000,000, and by a system of inflating the prices of their shares they had been made to produce, altogether, nearly \$26,500,000.

"It is a house of cards," he declared, "having no foundation but the credulity of the public."

Afraid to Prosecute

For a long time past, he said, the authorities had been urged by many people to undertake a prosecution; but none of these people was willing to put himself forward as a complainant, since he would thereby depreciate the value of the stock that he held. M. Fichereau, the holder of some Nerva mine share was found at last; but, as M. Lepine pointed out, this did not necessarily mean that Rochette would be arrested, and did not justify the "gamble" that took place in Rochette's share of uncorrupt finance has been stopped and that, though many people have suffered, much greater suffering in the future has been prevented.

All this, however, in the eyes of Paris, is as nothing to the political element that has been brought into the case and there will be many more interesting "revelations" whether valuable or not, before the last is heard of the "affaire."



EXTRAVAGANCE THEN AND NOW

A Picture of Conditions that Existed during the Civil War Period

Extravagance has always been an accompaniment of "flush" times, but probably at no time within the past century, did extravagance in living, in proportion to means available, reach a greater height than during the civil war, when the heavy spending of borrowed money created fictitious prosperity. This extract from the "New York Independent" of June, 1864, shows how people in New York were living then:

"Go into Broadway, and we will show you what is meant by the word 'extravagance.' Ask Stewart about the demand for camel's hair shawls, and he will say 'monstrous.' Ask Tiffany what kind of diamonds and pearls are called for. He will answer the prodigious, 'as near hen's-egg size as possible,' (price no object.) What kind of carpets are now wanted? None but 'extra' brussels and velvets are now used from cellar to garret. In grains and three-penny wool do at all. Call a moment at a carriage repository. In reply to your first question you will be told, 'Never use a de-mam before, sir.' And as for horses the medium-priced, \$500 kind are all out of the market. A good pair of 'fast ones' 'all right' will go for \$1,000 sooner than a basket of strawberries will sell for four cents. Those a little 'extra' will bring \$1,500 to \$2,000, while the superb 2-2-2 sort will bring any price among the 'high numbers.'"

Extravagance Today

The extravagance of the present period is evidencing itself mainly in two directions—in the purchase of automobiles and increase in travel by ship and rail. The number of Americans who have gone to Europe this year, the pringfield Republican informs us, break the record, and they are inclusive of all sorts and conditions of men. One of the factors in this volume of travel is the organized scheme of an old home week for Ireland, which has appealed strongly to her sons and daughters throughout this country.

It would naturally be supposed, in view of this exceptional turning to Europe, that the travel in the United States would show the effect of such a drain. This does not appear to be the fact. By way of the Portland Oregonian comes the statement by the passenger agents of the railroads here that never before in the history of the Northwest has there been such heavy travel from the East. Last year the exposition at Seattle brought an influx of visitors beyond precedent, but the records of this year's travel show it to be far in excess of last year at this time. Much the same story comes from the Mississippi valley and the Rocky Mountain region.

Social Conditions in Europe

In Europe, and also in America, there are vast masses for whom extravagance is impossible. Speaking of Europe, Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, in publishing some of the impression received during a recent tour of that continent, says that as soon as he landed he was struck by the degeneracy of a portion of the English. "Not only was the average height hardly more than five feet, but narrow, bow shoulders, span-wide chests, and spindly legs were the rule." He ascribes this to child labor before the days of protection factory laws.

In Belgium and Holland he saw such poverty as can hardly be conceived by the average dweller in an American city. At least 12 per cent. of the work of the industry of Belgium is carried on in squalid homes. As Scheveningen he found shop girls working for \$1.60 a week, and not allowed time to eat from 8 a. m. till 10.30 p. m. The harnessing of women and dogs together in Brussels made

a painful impression on him. The Belgian law in its benevolence has taken recognition of the dog as a social factor. Before the dog is permitted to be hitched up in a cart he must have attained a certain height and weight. Of course no such benevolent consideration protects the women. Amsterdam has abolished dog slavery, and is proud of it, but never anywhere has he seen such ragged and wretchedness, such proclamation of utter want, such ingrained, dirt-begrimed poverty, as in some of the back streets of Amsterdam. Whitechapel is a bourgeois quarters in comparison.

In Switzerland the labor situation has peculiar features. A considerable part of the country's industrial operations is carried on in the rural districts, the employers working on their own little strips of land during the short farming season of the summer, and in the factories or other industrial establishments the rest of the year.

An Uncomfortable Ceremony

Association with royalty may be gratifying to the spirit, but is often uncomfortable to the body. A description of the ceremony which F. Harrison Smith had to go through when he received a royal honor from King John, predecessor of the late King Menelaus, is told in "Through Abyssinia," and sounds most uninviting. The author was an envoy from Queen Victoria.

"In a very hot tent were arranged all the insignia about to be bestowed on me," he says. "Having taken off my uniform, I thrust my legs, already clothed in a pair of field boots and velvet cord riding-breeches, into a pair of capacious pantaloons of French silk, embroidered in gold and lined with red. A silk shirt, also embroidered and lined, was put on and confined at the waist with a silk sash. When came the shams, and over this a fur cape of lion's mane. By this time it was difficult to move or breathe. "My discomfort was increased by having a silver-gilt amulet fastened on my right forearm; on the left was hung a rhinoceros-hide shield, covered with dark blue silk ornamented with silver-gilt while into my almost powerless hands were thrust two conveniently long spears. A gold ornament, the badge of the Order of Solomon, was hung on my neck."

"I had to lead a gaily trapped horse to the door of the king's hut, and bow to his majesty, the King of Zion. This I accomplished to the admiration of the spectators. Transferring my horse to my groom, and my shield and spear to my servant, I returned to shake hands with the king."

"By this time I was in a profuse perspiration, which was not remarkable, as I had on two nearly complete suits of clothes, besides a lion's skin surcoat. I omitted to mention my sword, which was rigidly strapped to my waist on the right side, and which made sitting down difficult. But I triumphed over all these difficulties."

"When the ceremony was over I received many compliments. My interpreter told me that all the spectators declared I was made to wear such costume. They always say that; it produces drowsy oftentimes. "It was not easy to mount my horse in such fearful and wonderful attire. But I managed it, and I rode off with a light heart and a splitting headache and when I reached my abode, I speedily divested myself of my splendor."

For the Edmonton Industrial Exhibition, August 23 to 26, 1910, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will have in effect special fares. For full particulars as to fares, limits, etc., apply to nearest Canadian Pacific ticket agent.

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Home and Society

Nature's Secrets.

The gossip in the thicket had kept telling of what Katy did.

In my list of the cast of "Mrs. Goring's Necklace" last week, I referred to Miss Dickey as the probable "Isabel" of the play. Unfortunately Miss Dickey will be unable to take part, so that some of the characters will probably be changed about to fill her place.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Turnbull, Mrs. Crawford, and the former's three children are enjoying a delightful holiday at the Oak Bay Hotel in Victoria, having spent the week-end at the C.P. R. Hotel at Banff, en route.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Pardee during part of his stay in the capital.

Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, and Mrs. James Biggar left last week-end for Laggan, where they met Mrs. Harrison's mother, Mrs. Forney, of Moscow, Idaho, who returned to the capital with them on Wednesday to spend a month with her daughter.

A number of the tennis enthusiasts went down on Sunday last to Calgary there to compete in the week's tennis tournament. As I write I have heard no word as to the results, but don't doubt we shall carry off at least some of the honors.

Mr. Harry Evans has taken Col. Belcher's house on Seventh Street during the family's absence in Europe, so that in a month or so we shall have a brand new benedict, to swell the list of good looking men of that persuasion in Edmonton, while the bachelors certainly lose one of their most admired members.

Mrs. Cornwall's tea on Friday afternoon brought together a jolly coterie of smartly frocked women who packed the cosy wee house to its utmost capacity, and over-overflowed on to the veranda where cosy-corners had been arranged, and tea and gossip could be enjoyed in peace and comfort.

The young hostess received in a fetching pale blue linen gown, trimmed elaborately with baby Irish lace, while Mrs. Tierney had on a handsome black satin costume with rich passementerie, and Mrs. Pace a dainty white linen frock in which she looked exceedingly well. All over the attractive living room were great vases of sweet scented flowers, while the tea table in charge of Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. Bowker and Mrs. Harry Cooper was a summer poem of sweet peas and that exquisite fairy-like blossom known as baby's breath. Among those who were present I noticed Mrs. Cross in a charming navy blue muslin frock, with a stunning French hat. Mrs. Bower Campbell in a marvellous becoming mauve linen tailor-made with a hat en suite, Mrs. Robert-Plays in a chic crown of black and white striped material, a dashing red-trimmed hat, and a red flower at her belt; Mrs. Wallace MacDonald in a pretty mauve. Mrs. Jamieson in a soft shade of blue and a fetching large black hat flows, trimmed, Mrs. Braithwaite, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Brunt, Mrs. Joseph Moris, who brought Miss Lowes of Calgary, Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Miss Forsyth, Mrs. Thielson, the Misses Somerville and many others.

Mrs. M. R. Jennings returned on Wednesday from a six week's holiday spent between the coast cities and beautiful Lake Louise.

Mrs. Simpson's marriage to Miss Ethel Matheson is to take place about the first part of October. Altho Mr. Simpson has a charming little house nearly complete for his bride, near the Great Ravine.

Mrs. Cornwall and Mrs. Tierney left to spend a holiday in Banff on Friday.

Mrs. Wm. Short and her children left for their postponed holiday to Banff this (Saturday) morning.

The Misses Claire and Anna Oliver returned to Ottawa and Wednesdays.

Mrs. Hislop and her small family left for a ten day's visit to Entwistle on Friday.

Miss Annie James of Perth, Ont., is visiting her cousin, A. E. Jackson, 280 Sixth street.

METROPOLITAN OPERA TENOR WITH MELBA

Albert Quesnel, the French Canadian tenor, who returns to America under engagement with the Metropolitan Opera Company, has been secured by Melba for her Canadian-American tour. This was rendered possible as the opera season does not commence until November, and Melba's concert tour will terminate then so as to permit the diva to fill operatic engagements in New York and Chicago. Melba journeyed specially to Paris to hear Mr. Quesnel sing, and was so impressed by the beauty and remarkable range of his voice that she immediately engaged him for her concert tour and also for her Grand Opera season in Australia in 1911-12. Mr. Quesnel has been abroad for several years and has met with marked success, having been a member of the Opera Paris for two seasons.

The list of subscribers, choice of seats, for the Melba Grand Opera Company, now open at Harmony Hall, will shortly be closed.

THE following toilet articles have just been received and placed in stock. Your order for any of these will be appreciated and filled from perfectly fresh goods:

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Floramide Cream
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NOTICE TO STEAM ENGINEERS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an examination will be held by David Fraser, a duly appointed inspector of steam boilers, at the Province of Alberta, at Vegreville, Aug. 31st, Alberta Hotel; Fort Saskatchewan, Sept. 1st, Queen's Hotel; Strathcona, Sept. 3rd, Orange Hall; Tofield, Sept. 5th, Hotel; Wainwright, Sept. 7th, Wainwright Hotel; Viking, Sept. 8th, Hotel; Morinville, Sept. 10th, Morinville Hotel; Stony Plain, Sept. 12th, Bismark Hotel; at 9 o'clock a.m. for the purpose of giving engineers and apprentices an opportunity for certificates under the provision of the Steam Boilers Act, 1907. Application forms may be obtained on application to the Department or to the above-named inspector, and must be properly filled out, witnessed, and declared to before a Commissioner or Justice of the Peace, before an examination can be granted.

JOHN STOCKS, Deputy Minister, Department of Public Works, Edmonton, Alta. A-13-20-27

Carl Henningson

At least half the secret of the naspy from the hess of MAGI Water lies in the bottling. It is bottled only at the Spring--is NEVER shipped in bulk--and from the instant it gushes forth from below bed-rock until you open the bottle on your own table, not even the air and much less any thing else, ever touches it. Even on its journey from bed-rock to bottle, it flows only through glass, silver and nickel pipes.

Every bottle is washed, sterilized with the steam and then washed again with MAGI Water itself, before it is passed by our inspectors. And the water is thorough--both inside and outside.

Remember, MAGI Water is The Caledonia Water that comes from FLOWING bed-rock--from a spring that is piped right down to the rock itself. NEARLY to the ORIGINAL Caledonia water--comes from the original spring--from the spring that has been known to white men for over a century.

MAGI may be bought from coast to coast, plain or carbonated. It is sold in quills, pints, quarts and half-gallons at cafes, hotels, bars, drug-stores, on railroad-trains and in cafe cars and by your grocer by the bottle or five case.

Caledonia Springs Co. Ltd.
Caledonia Springs, Ont.
10

WHY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY WENT ON THE STAGE

R. H. Little in the Chicago Tribune discusses the latest vagary of the Popular Novelist.

"Nick Carter, the King of Detectives? The old book shop man shook his head sadly. 'Nope, they don't call for Nick any more. I don't know where you'll find him. Yes, I do, too. He's probably doing a turn in some vaudeville theatre if he ain't peddling pop out at the ball game. And I spect you'll find Billy the Kid, or the Nemesis of Dead Man's Gulch, right with him.'

The old book shop man sighed heavily. 'Nope,' he resumed, 'and I hain't got any more. 'Millionaire's Bride' nor 'Lord Dofunny's Heiress,' nor 'Bertha the Beautiful Typewriter,' nor 'Wilfred, Mildred or the Murder in the Haunted Castle.' Times has changed. Bertha M. Clay and Nick Carter and old man Beadle have been out of business. That's the reason that Laura Jean Libbey has gone on the vaudeville stage. I saw lots of stuff in the papers about Laura Jean going on the vaudeville stage in New York, and the reason of the pieces I read told the reason."

"Well, Father William," we asked, "and pray what is the reason?"

"Because," said Graybeard, "the 'nickel theatre motion picture' shows has put 'em on the bum. Mary the cook don't sit up nights now speck just why the young Lord Mully-coddle threw down the huffy Lady Vere de Vere to wed sweet little Kitty the street sweeper's daughter. Nor does little Lucy with the pompadour who works behind the lace remnant counter in the department store sneak around behind the water cooler to find out if Wilful Madge poisoned her husband, old Millionaire Maysnays, and how she got out of jail to marry young Percy Honker, who had always believed in her innocence."

"Nope," resumed the former purveyor of thrillers and yellowbacks, "times has changed. Messenger boys don't walk along the street any more counting the cursed redskins that Little Thunder, the Boy Scourge of the Arrapahoes killed, or watch him as he sticks his knife into Big Charlie, the White Chief of the Kickapoes."

And they don't care any more whether Nick Carter, disguised as a fish peddler, gets out of the grave where the counterfeiters buried him or not. They get their thrills now at the nickel motion picture shows."

Father William went on to explain that the former clientele of Laura Jean Libbey and Bertha M. Clay and Nick Carter and old man Beadle now gets its literary delights at the picture shows.

"It's easier," said Father William, "You just pay a nickel and sit in a chair and you don't have to spell the words out. You see the whole business right there before you. These motion pictures work out a regular plot, only instead of reading how the hero and heroine shared themselves into the arms of her faithful sweetheart, you can catch her right in the act."

No, siree, these nickel motion picture shows have certainly put a crimp on literature. To illustrate his point Father William brought out a magazine containing the synopsis of the plots of the week's crop of new film pictures. He picked out one at random and submitted it in evidence.

"Here you are," said Father William, "You see it says this film is called 'Rosemary for Remembrance,' and it tells us that the heroine is a country girl whose sweetheart falls from grace one dark night by drinking with the boys. His father casts him out and he goes to the city to make a man of himself. He succeeds and keeps straight and cleans up a fortune on the exchange and marries a well heeled. The little country girl keeps the rosemary he gave her for remembrance and dies of a broken heart, still kissing the little faded flower."

"Now," says Father William, "can't you see? Wouldn't that plot give The Duchess cards and spade and make Bertha M. Clay throw a buck somersault with joy? But the girls that eat that kind of stuff alive, without salt and pepper, or salad dressing, would rather see the hero getting a fine bun on and disgracing himself all over the village and his own putting the Indian sign on him and telling him to heat it than to read the story. And then they see him salting down the mazuma in New York and making love to the heiress and the big wedding with all the people there. Why, they get so excited seeing the whole thing right before their hands and face that they feel as though they were invited. And then at last the scene shifts back to the dear old village with little Jane, the farmer's daughter, sitting down back of the haystack kissing the bunch of rosemary and dying while the fat woman at the piano plays, 'She Was Happy Till She Met You.' That's why Laura Jean Libbey has gone into vaudeville."

"I'll bet, by heck, that The Duchess is making beds in a boarding house, and that Bertha M. Clay is writing patent medicine ads for a sanifru cure, and that Nick Carter is driving an ice wagon. It's a good thing they didn't invent motion pictures two or three hundred years ago. They would put old Bill Shakespeare himself out of business."

Father William, anxious further to prove his point on the decadence of literature and why Laura Jean Libbey threw her pens and bottle of lavender ink into the East river and fled to the shelter of the vaudeville theatre, grabbed his hat and led the way to a motion picture show. He didn't have to go far. There are thousands of them in Chicago. In one short block on Madison street there are four. The place was crowded and was fourteen degrees hotter than a Turkish bath. "Look," whispered Father William, "There's a woman that used to buy up all of Bertha M. Clay and Laura Jean Libbey before the ink on their books was dry. And there's a messenger boy there that I'll bet has got seventeen life and death messages in his pocket right now. He used to make the take novels back if there wasn't at least two hundred of the 'cursed red-kins' 'lating the dust,' in every one of them. Sure, all my old customers are right here."

The motion picture film came to a close with the fond lover clasping his weeping sweetheart to his breast, while a preacher came in and married them then and there to the soft strains of "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

THE "RED" EARL GLADSTONE'S FRIEND.

Earl Spencer who is lying ill at his Althorp Park home, Northamptonshire, is almost the last of the old school of politicians that link us with Beaconsfield and Gladstone, whose great friend the Earl was, says M.A.P. He has been longer in the Lords than his present leader, for he succeeded his father to the earldom as far back as 1857. Soon after this he became attached to the household of the Prince Consort, and subsequently to that of the late King when Prince of Wales.

He was the first Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland created by Mr. Gladstone, and he has been a member of every Liberal administration since then excepting the present. There is no doubt that, but for bad health, he would be a member of the present cabinet.

It was in the days of his lord-lieutenancy that he was nick-named the "Red Earl," a title that has only fallen into disuse since age whitened the great red beard which used to spread over his lordship's chest.

A good story is told apropos of Earl Spencer's red beard.

The Earl, as Lord-Lieutenant was watching a shooting match at the Dublin Rifle Range, when he was accosted by a port-looking messenger boy.

"Please, sorr," he said, "Misther— is waitin' to spake wid ou. He sez, will yez come at wance."

"Are you not making a mistake, my lad?" asked the Earl.

"No, your honor," answered the boy with inconvenient frankness. "I was tould to look out for the man wid the ginger whiskers."

Lord Spencer is the oldest living ex-Viceroy of Ireland, and is the only person living who was presented with the keys of the City of Dublin on his entrance into the city. It is interesting to note that the Earl's heir, Viscount Althorp, who is his half-brother, is a fellow-member of the House of Lords, a rare circumstance only paralleled in recent times by the late Duke of Rutland and his son, the present Duke who, as Marquis of Granby, sat with his father in the gilded chamber.

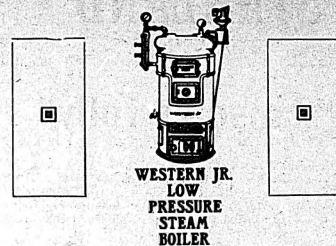
A curious legend in connection with the Spencer family is that no earl can ever possess more than 20,000 sheep. After the nineteenth thousand has been reached, disease attacks the flock and prevents further increase. This is a punishment for the sins of Sir John Spencer, one of the ancestors in a dim and distant past, who "threw down towns, consuming and destroying houses and cities to make pasture for his countless flocks." Even the church was not sacred from this baronet, for he turned it into a sheep house.



A OUTFRANCE

Sir Roseberry (detached observer): "Pardon me, but as a matter of academic interest I should very much like to see whether you couldn't win without your sword."

Sir Balfour: "A most interesting speculation, but I'm not taking any more risks than I can."



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E. NEWS

A CRUSOE IN REAL LIFE.

A romance which reads like a page from Defoe or Stevenson, was disclosed in London in the Probate Court to Sir Samuel Evans in a formal application to presume the death of John Willis Kirkaldy, South Sea trader.

Mr. Kirkaldy emigrated to the South Sea in 1885, and traded in New Zealand the Pacific Islands. In 1892 he was shipwrecked on an uninhabited island of the Solomon Group, where he remained like a "Robinson Crusoe" for three years, when he was rescued by a vessel which chanced to call at the island for water.

There was also on the island, said counsel, a "man Friday," in the shape of a gentleman named Van Brun, of whom, however, nothing was known after they were taken off the two

went to New Zealand. Mr. Kirkaldy afterwards wrote to his family from the Royal Hotel, Sydney, N.S.W., saying that he was very ill with ague and that he had arranged to return to "man Friday" (Van Brun), who was in New Zealand. Several letters were written to Mr. Kirkaldy, which came back through the Dead Letter Office, and he had not since been heard of.

Referring to a letter which his mother had written to him, Mr. Kirkaldy said: "You say do settle down; you have roamed enough. But what inducements have I, a lonely man without ties of any description? Iles on this island which he says was on this island, which he says was about fifty acres in extent. He appears to have described the ague, but not the island which everybody was interested in."

Leave was granted to presume the death as in or since 1895.

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Palms

We sold a large number of Palms during the month of July, in fact more than we ever anticipated handling. We have a number still on sale and will during August sell them at the same prices as during July.

Prices \$1.00 to \$8.00

Weddings

are a specialty with us. We have an expert for decorating, and that he is an artist has been vouched for by nearly every bride this year. Come in and see us. Our prices are reasonable and the work is done most satisfactorily.

PHONE 1292

RAMSAY'S GREENHOUSES



Canada: If I use a smaller knife I can make my stick last longer than this.
Montreal Witness.



JUST IN TIME

—Pioneer Press, St. Paul



TRAINING THE CABINET BIRDS.
The instructor: Now then, all together: 'It's the best tariff the country has ever had.'
Harper's Weekly.

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Who are Exacting. They usually know Goods of Quality and insist on having them. There are none so hard to please but will be satisfied with

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

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FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS
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136 Rice Street Phone 1525

ME AND ANDY AND JOHN

(Willbur O Nesbit
Me and Andy and John
Are givin' a lot away,
To colleges here and libraries there—
We're helpin' every day.
There's John—he's happiest when he
smile
And writin' the checks against his
pile;
And Andy—biddin' the world have
peace
And wishin' the wars would somehow
cease;
And me—I'm doin' my hours o' toil
To pay the bills for the steel and oil.

John and Andy and me—
We're certainly helpin' some
With money for this and money for
that
As fast as petitions come.
There's Andy makin' 'em carve his
name
Upon the libraries for his fame;
And John—he's teachin' the young to
save
An' givin' advice he always gave.
And me? I'm helpin' 'em meet both
ends,
By chippin' in on the dividends.

Andy and John and me
Hold wealth as a preshous trust;
We're helpin' 'em here an' helpin' 'em
there
By shovellin' out our dust.
There's Andy—busy as he can be
Considerin' plans for a library;
And John a'whackin' a' boundin' ball
And lettin' his words o' wisdom fall;
And me! I'm payin' my small amount
To help 'em both to a bank account.

Me and Andy and John
Are givin' our money free;
To colleges here and libraries there
Are gettin' it from us three.
There's John—he's happiest when he
gives,
And he'll be doin' that while he lives;
And Andy—making 'em raise their
part
To build the houses for books and
art.
And me? By ginger How fine I
feel—

The Mirror

(Continued from page two)

has been a trying and exacting one. We are deserving of better things. It is time for a change.

Kipling, in one of his great analyses of character, says Youth's Companion, speaks of certain women possessing the force that in other ages would have made them Joans of Arc "threshing themselves to pieces over all the mean worry of housekeeping." That is not "another story," as he himself would say, but so true as to be a part of everyday existence. Few opportunities arise in these conservative modern times for women to become world heroines, yet the potentiality is there, dynamic, supreme, awful to contemplate when vested in the person of a militant housewife. As relentless as Halley's comet, she sweeps along her domestic path, brushing aside husband and children.

She is as unalterable as the sun's rising an dsetting, with the sole exception that in her busy life she has no going down. She finally assumes the mental attitude of "Chantecler" who believed that the day could not dawn without his awakening crow.

In such a woman it is next to impossible to implant the happy-go-lucky germ of the consistent "Don't Worry Clubber." She just must worry. The bluest of skies may beckon delightfully, a romping wind invite her company out of doors; but no, there are the thousand and one never-to-be-sheddone cares. Books, society, friends—to all alike she becomes indifferent.

For such a woman there should be a room apart, a sort of revival of the New England parlor, swept, garnished and locked up tight. There they might rest their minds in the hallowed surveyal of what is at once their burden and their joy. "Neatness is my one luxury!" declared Maupassant's Madame Caravan, as she rubbed and scrubbed at her furniture, and she is a symbol of all the disagreeable domestic virtues.

This over-flowing misdirected energy is pitiable. Who will found a School for the Subdual of Rampant Housekeepers, where the ability to neglect judiciously one's overduities may be inculcated? But after all, is moderation an acquirable quality?

SEAWARD.

Celia Thaxter.
How long it seems since that mild April night,
When leaning from the window, you and I
Heard, clearly ringing from the shadowy light,
The loon's unearthly cry!

Southwest the wind blew, million little waves
Ran rippling round the point in mellow tune;
But mournful, like the voice of one who raves,
The laughter of th loon!

We called to him, while blindly through the haze
Uprose the meagre moon behind us, slow—
So dim the fleet of boats we scarce could see
Moored lightly just below.

We called, and lo, he answered; half in fear,
We sent the note back. Echoing rock and bay
Made melancholy music far and near—
Sadly it died away.

That schooner, you remember? Fly ing ghost!
Her canvas catching every wandering beam,
Aerial, noiseless, past the glimmering coast
She glided like a dream.

Would we were leaning from your window now,
Together calling to the eerie loon,
The fresh wind blowing, care from either brow,
This sumptuous night of June!

So many sighs load this sweet inland air,
'Tis hard to breathe, nor can we find relief
However lightly touched, we all must share
This nobleness of grief.

But sighs are spent before they reach your ears;
Vaguely they mingle with the water's rattle.
No sadder sound salutes you than the clear
Wild laugh of the loon.



ROOSEVELT AS CHANTICLER
New York Herald

BREAK THE HABIT

—of—

"Just Glancing at Things"

IF there's an ad. in this paper—one of the kind that's repeated—and you are not able to tell what it's about, or what the advertiser is so much in earnest about that he repeats, and repeats, and repeats his message to you—why not, for your own information, just settle down and

READ THAT AD.

read it as carefully as though it were a business letter addressed to you!

Then you'll *know* whether it interests you. Now, you *don't*.

Nobody gets much *real* information by "just glancing at things"—especially is this true of advertising. For advertising is such a many-phrased factor of today-life---is woven so carefully into the fabric of today-affairs---that it is something to be *understood*---to be considered in its significance to you, personally.

Don't

"Just Glance"

Automobile and Carriage Painting

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A. P. GREGORY
WORKS 11 1/2 4th CLARK ST.
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Are you thinking of
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DIAMOND?

If so it would be worth your while to have a look over our stock. We have Diamond Rings from \$9.00 to \$500.00. Also we have a very fine line of diamond set Brooches, which would be very suitable for a bridal gift.

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prices never before
equalled in
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G.T.P. Watch Inspectors.

Clarified French.
There was once a young person named
Clara.
Who adopted a Frenchified air.
She drank champagne.
And when told "Au revoir!"
Would always reply, "Pomme de terre!"
—Lapin's

Why He Was Waiting.
"What are you waiting around here for?" asked the officer of a sailor who was standing at the door of a church where a wedding was taking place.
"Waiting to see the tied go out, sir," replied the sailor, touching his hat—
Tinklers Statesman.

It Pained.
The beauty of the rose must fade.
Our laughter changes to a moan,
And off we see a pretty maid
Whose auburn hair doesn't match her
own.
—Detroit Free Press.

Well, What Do you Know?
"Didn't you promise to warn me to ask you to inform me to tell you what I said I'd tell you to tell me if?"
"Yes."
"Well, what is it?"—Princeton Tiger.

Happened at Bridge.
She let me hold her hand a bit
While in a gracious mood.
I didn't take a trick with it,
It wasn't very good.
—Pittsburg Post.

Otherwise Hopeless.
"My daughter's voice is to be tried today."
"Have you fixed the jury?"—Cleveland Leader.

Why.
And why is it with Antoinette
Each day I take a walk?
She's silly, but she's beautiful.
I love to see her talk!
—Zebra Tugboat.

The Best Headache Remedy

is "Mathieu's Nerve Powders." Prompt and safe. Do not create a habit. Sold by dealers, box of 18 powders 25c. If you cannot supply you, don't take for immediate use some so-called "just as good article," but send us 25c. and we will mail you a box to use next time your head aches. I. L. Mathieu Co., Prop., Sherbrooke, P.Q.

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from first page.)

We have heard a good deal of late regarding the advantage of improving our internal waterways. In two projects of this nature we are vitally interested. The Dominion government proposes to make the Saskatchewan navigable from Edmonton to Winnipeg. The projected railway to Fort McMurray will open up to the purposes of civilization fifteen hundred miles of navigable river clear to the Arctic Ocean. No other country has such river stretches that can be made to serve the purposes of development at such a small outlay. The preliminary estimate of the cost of deepening the Saskatchewan is \$15,000,000. To secure a very similar waterway Russia proposes to spend \$75,000,000. As the problems are in so many respects similar to those of Canada, it is worth while noting some information which is supplied by a correspondent of the London Times who has been investigating the waterway proposal now being taken up in the country of the Czar.

A study of an atlas shows a ridge extending westward from the Ural Mountains almost to the Baltic Sea, forming a watershed in which are the sources of the Volga and Dnieper, flowing southward to the Caspian and Black seas; the Dvina and the Pechora, flowing northward to the Arctic Ocean, and the Duna, flowing westward to the Baltic. As the sources are all within a comparatively short distance of each other, and as most of the streams are navigable for at least a part of their course, it has always appeared obvious that a connection of the sources might establish an all embracing Russian system on waterways. While this has been a favorite scheme with Russian engineers the railways have absorbed so much capital and attention that comparatively little has been done besides connecting the Gulf of Finland at St. Petersburg through the Baltic Canal system with the Caspian Sea at Astrakhan. The necessity of the development of the country's waterways has within the last year aroused so much interest that a special commission has been appointed for the purpose of fixing the relative importance of the waterways, and also, according to the correspondent of the London Times, of determining "the order in which works shall be undertaken and the advantages to be derived from the different waterways."

The first fruit of this investigation is the project to create a waterway for the carriage of goods from Riga on the Baltic Sea to Kherson on the Black Sea. This project included a connecting canal between the Duna and the Dnieper and the improvement of the two rivers. When completed it will furnish a waterway about 1,500 miles long. In choosing this for its first work the commission has practically revived one of Peter the Great's favorite schemes and one upon which Catherine II. had set her heart. Several plans since their times have been suggested for the following their surveys—one that made an especially strong appeal to the present Czar was the consummation of the plan for purely military and strategic purposes—but they were all abandoned since the building of the Riga-Vitebsk Railway none has been seriously discussed.

The difficulty appears to be less in the construction of the connecting canals than in taming the two great rivers. For the artificial waterway used will be made of the Intschesa, which flows into the Duna at Vitebsk, and the Orschiza, which joins the Dnieper at Orschiza, while a feeder will be furnished the lock sections by two lakes of the watershed. The Duna on account of the rocky nature of the river bed and the falls in its course will be made navigable by a series of locks that will cut up about one-fifth of the \$25,000,000 estimated as the cost of the work. The Dnieper, which is the third in size of European rivers, is navigable for the entire year for only about 500 miles of its course. The rapids at the head of navigation is it planned to overcome by a series of dams, and the obstructions further up, it is thought, can be removed without much trouble.

Following the completion of the Duna-Dnieper waterway it is the intention to connect the Volga with the Duna by means of the Mecha, the Oka and several smaller streams; and with these two waterways as a foundation Russia believes she can see the achievement of her plan for a great network of water connections and a solution of the vexing questions of internal commerce.

It appears that while the rate of increase in the population of Massachusetts has apparently declined in recent years, there has been no decline in the rate of increase in the value of the manufactured product.

DREAMY-EYED FARMER PROPOSES TO 2,000 WOMEN

"Mr. Pyles, Jr." Colburn, Ind. Admits to go and of Being Graceful in Statute

Washington, D.C.—Each of the 2,000 women employed in the census bureau can say she has received an offer of marriage. It is true, the offer was of the "come-one-come-all" variety, but it served to make life seem more worth living.

The offer came from a middle-aged farmer in Indiana, who expressed a strong desire to wed "one of the pretty census girls." The letter was addressed to the "girls of the census office" and was opened by the chief clerk. The writer said his name was Mr. Pyles, Jr., with emphasis upon the "Jr." which he spelled with capitals, although he entirely dodged his Christian name. Mr. Pyles, Jr.'s letter of proposal follows:

"Hello, Census Girl! Hearing so much about your beauty and fine qualities, and knowing you must be good workers or else you would not be holding your jobs, I would like to correspond with some one of you with the ultimate object of matrimony.

"I am 40 years of age and am a natural home body, and of mild temperament. I am a farmer by profession and birth and am noted for my gentle disposition.

"In order that you may have some idea of my personal appearance I might say for your benefit I am of a graceful stature and have brown eyes—considered dreamy—and blond hair, which is inclined to be of the curly kind you read so much about in novels.

"I think I would know how to make a life happy, and if she knew how to cook, wash, iron and take a hand in a little farm work I would see that she got lots of fine clothes and a mirror for her own use.

"I prefer a woman who is between 17 and 30 years of age, and who has not been married before—and is naturally loving. Trusting to have an early reply from the right party, I remain,

MR. PYLES, JR.
"R. F. D. No. 2, Colburn, Ind."

NEW COINAGE FOR BRITISH EMPIRE

London.—The production of the new coinage is always a rather slow process, but on the present occasion it may be expedited to some extent.

In the case of the late King, who came to the throne in January, 1901, the order-in-council and proclamation determining new designs for gold and bronze coins was issued on January 10 in the same year, and came into force on January 1, 1902, while the order relating to silver coins was not approved until January 13.

On that occasion there were several changes on the reverses, notably the half-crown and florin, with the object of making the two coins as distinguishable as possible. The only change, it is understood, which will be made in the new coin will be the royal cypher, for which Bertram MacKinnal, R. A., the Australian sculptor, is now engaged in making designs.

Portrait of King.

The portrait of King Edward which appears on the present coinage, is the work of Mr. DeSaulles, the then engraver of the mint, then and in profile being truncated in a similar manner to the effigy on the first coinage of Queen Victoria, and on the coinage of most of his late Majesty's predecessors since the reign of Charles I. It is the best that can be made of the design that is it is convincing and unoffensive. There is a confident expression that Mr. MacKinnal will produce something worth not only of his reputation as a sculptor, but also of a coinage which, so far, at least as its gold is concerned, enjoys the largest circulation in the world.

Many suggestions are being made as to alterations which might properly be made in the new coinage. It is contended, for instance, that the inscription should be in English instead of Latin. There is a good deal to be said for the change from "Georgius V. Die Dei Gratia Britanniarum Rex" to "Edward VII. King of Great Britain and Ireland." The plain and simple legend, George V., King and bronze coinage. That took place in Emperor.

Regrets have been expressed at the withdrawal of the ship and light-house, which accompanied the figure of Britannia on the reverse of the bronze coinage. That took place in 1895, and there was a mild agitation against their removal. Still, it is certain that the present figure of Britannia is infinitely better modelled than her predecessor, while the ship and lighthouse are neither particularly decorative nor useful as helping to support Britannia's pretensions to rule the waves.

How important some little things seem to a small man.

AWAY ON VACATION

Hints for Lady Visitors Who Go to Summer Resorts and Wish to Enjoy Themselves

For Mrs. Sojourner

Section 1. Introductory.
Article 1. Do not underrate your husband's business. If he keeps a store, he must be described as a large merchant. If he works in a bank, he becomes, ipso facto, a banker. For purposes of description all husbands can be divided into two classes, viz., business men and general managers.

Article 2. Do not believe what other women tell you about their husbands' business. A man who is described as a broker is not necessarily a Wall street scoundrel; he may be selling horse liniment on commission.
Article 3. Do not underrate your position at home. If some one says: "I met Mrs. John Wilson this morning; she comes from your town, doesn't she?" smile plyingly and say: "I think there are such people there," and change the subject.

Article 4. Do not believe what other women tell you about their position at home. If anyone says to you: "What the Biddis are to Philadelphia, that is what the Rumples are to Peapack," look them pleasantly in the eye and say: "Quoi? Il en soit." Every one will seek your company then, no matter how you pronounce it.

Article 5. Do not belittle your wardrobe. It is a safe rule to double the cost of things. If a dress costs \$30, say it cost \$60, and so on. If you find other women are doing the same thing, you can still get ahead of them by using four as a multiplier instead of two.

Section 2. Complaints
Article 1. Complaint of the table.
Article 2. Complaint of the service.
Article 3. Complaint of the management.
Article 4. Complaint of the location.
Article 5. Complaint of the rooms.
Article 6. Complaint of the weather.
Article 7. Complaint of the other guests.

Article 8. If anything is omitted from the foregoing, put it in and complain about that, too.

Section 3. Warning
Article 1. By following the above hints, you will be glad to get back home.

FOR MISS SOJOURNER

Section 1. Conduct

Article 1. Do not get on friendly terms with the other girls. Remain aloof. It is the solitary young woman who catches the solitary young man.

Article 2. Get up early in the morning and take a long walk before breakfast. You will have the field to yourself then; an advantage well worth while.

Article 3. Never confess an ability to swim. Be taught.

Article 4. Never sit on a crowded piazza. Be available.

Article 5. Never look as though you failed to see his joke. Be appreciative and laugh anyhow.

Article 6. Tell him you like a man who smokes—if he smokes. Tell him you like a man who doesn't smoke—if he doesn't smoke. Be agreeable.
Article 7. If he fishes, fish.
Article 8. If he roars, roar.

Article 9. If he opines, clap your hands, and roll your eyes, agreeing vehemently to everything.
Section 2. Claims
Article 1. Remember, that if he doesn't see through these obvious little tricks he is a claim—and as claims are not worth while, you will be warned in time to avoid him.—New York Sun.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Sadie American, president of the New York Council of Jewish Women, spoke at the Jewish International conference recently held in London.

Miss Mary Knapp said to be the only ferrywoman in the northwestern states. A license to operate a toll ferry on Salmon river has been granted to her.

After forty years on Broadway, Apple Kate, who has sold fruit on the pavement outside of St. Paul's church since the days when Bartram's museum was one of New York's landmarks just across the way, has become a bride.

Edith Allen Belcher, granddaughter nine generations removed from the Puritan maiden Precilla, has been married at the age of twenty-eight to John Van Rensselaer, a well known Boston lawyer, who is approaching his sixtieth birthday and lived a few doors away from the residence of the bride.

Mrs. Sol Smith, the actress, who at eighty years is still actively engaged in her profession and who recently celebrated the forty-eighth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage, said the other day, "I did not begin my stage career in my early youth, as some suppose, but took up the work when, at the age of thirty-two, I was left a widow with six children, for whose support I was responsible."



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